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RATHER PERSONAL.

HAVING made a discovery under the promise of especial secrecy, we are now about to make it public in these pages. It may be wrong, and even vicious, in us so to do, but people should not impart to persons of our temperament information which they wish to restrict to their particular circle. Is not our first duty owed to the public? Are we, who have just discovered the greatest Anomaly of the age, to be hindered from the proclamation of it by a mere sense of selfish responsibility? We trow not. If it were but alive and purchasable—no matter what we had promised—we protest we would carry such a wonder up and down the country, with an extra charge for the exhibition, on account of the outrage upon our conscience, and the greatness of the moral sacrifice. And what an Anomaly it is! Conceive, good Public, a Politician who does not want to be in power—a Curate who has no ambition to be a Bishop—a Woman who has no pretensions to beauty—a Jar of Pickles without paint—an Irish water-fall without a ragged guide to it—a Cabman giving back your sixpence of superfluous payment.

Guess again, ingenious friends, although success will never be your portion. A Briton without a love for lords—an M.P. without a quotation from Virgil—a Medical Practitioner without three quarrels on his hands, at least.

Nay, nor those either, although we grant you we have never seen such *rare aves*.

Our Anomaly is this; a Newspaper which makes no charge for advertisements, and which is not ambitious of circulation; a Newspaper that you cannot purchase, nor even obtain a glance at, unless under peculiar circumstances; a Newspaper whose principles have never changed, from the period of its establishment, fifty years ago perhaps, till now. We happened to be in the house of one who enjoys the privilege of having it sent to him, and in that indirect manner got at the contents of the current number; but the proprietor had his eye fixed on us all the while, and like a school-boy, who—either for a pecuniary remuneration, or from motives of friendship—has let out his lollipop to be sucked by his personal friend, and watched him jealously, and pulls the string to which it is attached with violence, when he deems the treat has lasted sufficiently long—so did our host withdraw from us the forbidden Newspaper before we had time to make all our intended notes. From long experience, however, we understand how to reap the most from opportunities of this kind, and the result of our observations here published, small as it

is to what it might have been, will doubtless not a little astonish him.

The principal characteristic of the Paper in question is its extreme personality, which notwithstanding that it is published by the government, exceeds anything in the *Paul Prys* and *Satirists* of the worst epochs. It calls a spade a spade with a vengeance, and makes as little scruple about stigmatising a fellow-creature as a 'felon,' a 'suspicious character,' a 'thief,' a 'tramp,' or a 'murderer,' as though there were no such thing as law against Libel in the British code. To be plain with you, this Newspaper is the ancient *Hue and Cry*, or modern *Police Gazette*, which (we do not think for very excellent reasons) is now not to be procured by the public at large—though the public that are *not* at large see plenty of it—without a direct order from a magistrate. It consists of a good-sized sheet of eight pages, and contains 'the substance of all Informations received in cases of Felony, and of Misdemeanours of an aggravated nature, and against Receivers of Stolen Goods, reputed Thieves, and Offenders escaped from Custody, with the time, the place, and the circumstance of the Offence; the Names of Persons charged with Offences, who are known, but not in custody, and a Description of those who are not known, their Appearance, Dress, and other marks of identity; the names of Accomplices and Accessories, with every particular that may lead to their Apprehension; a Description, as accurate as possible, of Property that has been stolen, and a minute Description of Stolen Horses, for the purpose of tracing and recovering them.' To which is subjoined, from the War-office, a list of Deserters from the Army and Navy, with their Descriptions.

Our Anomaly is therefore, perhaps, the only newspaper in which it would give young authors, or others, no satisfaction whatever to appear in print. There is not one word of eulogium in it from beginning to end; its criticisms are cold blooded and uncharitable to a degree scarcely surpassed even by the professed organs of Literature; while its coolness in imputing the worst motives to human actions, has probably not a parallel outside the walls of the two Houses of Parliament.

The first two columns of this periodical are devoted exclusively to 'murder and maliciously wounding'; and the first notice on the list is that of 'the naked body of the man found on the sea-shore near Ramsgate Harbour, with the left hand cut off, and a stab under the left breast.' Since this information, however, was supplied, that mystery, as most of our readers are aware, has been solved so far as to be proved to be no murder, but one of the most

determined suicides upon record. The minutest particulars are of course subjoined, but most of them have already appeared in other newspapers. There are no less than four newly born male infants 'found floating,' dead, within the space of the last fortnight. There is one case of maliciously wounding; and one, which we are all too well acquainted with, of murder on the High Seas. John Buchanan, late chief-engineer on board the *Bogota*, who is 'wanted' for the cruel murder of Thomas Lauder, is thus described: 'Age, about 25 or 26; height, 5 feet 10 or 11 inches; smart, wiry, muscular make; swarthy or bronzed complexion—from being several years employed as chief-engineer on some of the Pacific Steam Company's ships, plying on the coast of South America—rather long, thin face; whiskers shaved off; dark-brown, nicely cultivated moustache, which may be shaved off; dark-brown wavy hair, parted in the centre; shews his front teeth—a small bit chipped off one of them—rather round shoulders; dressed as a gentleman when last seen, and of gentlemanly appearance; can speak Spanish; he is a native of Glasgow, and speaks with the Scotch accent. *It is supposed* he will try to get out to Panama, Chili, or some part of South America, where he is well known; *supposed* he will have got his hair and moustache dyed red. If any clue is obtained of him, the superintendents of police are respectfully desired to send a telegraphic message to the Central Police Office, Hatton Garden, Liverpool, the expenses of which will be immediately remitted.'

Next follow two Forgeries, and five Robberies from the Person. Then no less than sixteen Burglaries, with the most detailed account of the articles stolen, and of the personal appearance of the supposed thief. The precision with which the latter is stated would lead one to imagine that the bull's-eye of every police lantern was a photographic machine, and indelibly pictured each feature and garment whereupon it was turned. 'Even a strange man seen going over the hill in the direction of the house' at the time of a certain robbery, is described as being 'from 35 to 40 years of age, 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, sandy whiskers, fresh face, and dressed in a dark velvet jacket, light vest, cotton cord trousers, and black Jim Crow hat. He looked like a person likely to be employed by farmers.' A Jim Crow hat we have heard of, although we should perhaps be puzzled to define it; but a 'Billy Cock' hat—which seems to be the reigning mode with those 'between whom and twelve of their fellow-countrymen a difference of opinion exists'—is a novelty to us. A 'monkey jacket' (much affected by nautical thieves), we are of course acquainted with, but a 'swinger' coat is again an article about which our book of fashions is silent.

Of Horse and Cattle Stealing, there are ten informations, including the loss of ewes, lambs, horses, an ass, and a cow. One 'very fast trotter,' with cart, was taken from Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, and within a stone's throw of the London establishment of this *Journal*; but we hope it is needless to inform our readers that not the breath of suspicion attaches to any contributor of ours. There are thirteen cases of Embezzlement, one of which is committed by a 'Striker' of the nature of which occupation we are ignorant; and one by a

person who is a 'Scotchman and a glass-blower by trade.' Among the 'Felonies not otherwise described,' there is this very touching advertisement: 'Stolen, by a short woman, dressed in shabby black, on the 30th ultimo, near St Giles's Church, a male infant, age nine months, fair complexion, light-blue eyes, light hair, and dressed in a light-blue frock, pink pinafore, brown knitted jacket, Tuscan hat with brown ribbon, and crimson cape; *answers to the name of Willey.*' Which latter announcement sounds rather canine than human. The poor child was probably abducted for begging purposes. There is a reward of £150 offered for the apprehension of the mutilators of the altar-piece in Marylebone Church, an outrage, apparently, of fanaticism, and one very unusual in this country. In the Miscellaneous Informations, we only find two advertisements of Persons Missing from their homes, which makes somewhat suspicious that pretence of 'lost friends' under which so many come to identify every unclaimed body. One of these missing persons has been lost for three whole years, and the other for little more than as many days; but there is much significance, which has doubtless been well observed in the proper quarter, in the fact that both these disappearances have occurred in the same neighbourhood—near Cleobury Mortimer, Salop.

Here follows the description of one, who, independently of his eminence in his particular profession, would in any walk of life be entitled a marked man. This gentleman, 'believed to have committed a series of robberies in different parts of the kingdom,' stands remanded at Leeds for one of them. 'He gives the name of Lars Peter Nicolai Ernst, a native of Elsinore, in Denmark, a sailor: he is about 38 years of age; height, 5 feet 7 inches; sallow complexion, brown hair, gray eyes, gold ear-rings in ears, a slight scar on forehead, mole on left cheek, two moles on chest, one mole in bend of right arm, scars on each groin, many scars at the bottom of his back and left hip; the right lower arm is marked, in blue ink, with the figures—a sailor and a woman joining hands, and underneath the letters "ANA-LPNE," and a ship with three masts; the left arm is marked, in blue ink, with the figures of a woman, a mermaid, and the letter "M" in the centre of a heart; underneath the letters "M M," and a tree, a man, a woman, and a sea-horse, in red and blue ink intermixed, and the letters "ANNA MARIA GONZALES;" a sea-serpent on the left wrist; a man's head in centre of a ring on back of left hand; a ring with diamond on the third finger of left hand. He has a small silver ring through the nipple of each breast, and on centre of breast, in blue ink, the figures of Christ and the cross, and a man on one side, and a woman on the other, weeping; on the front of left thigh, in blue ink, the figures of three men and a serpent in a tree; on the front of the right thigh, the figure of an Indian warrior; calf of left leg marked, in blue ink, with the letters "PLSMSS;" right calf marked, in blue ink, with a crown, and the letters "MK MS WLPNE HSOS;" he has also a red and brown mark near the bend of the left elbow.' Certainly, this person must at one period of his existence at least—the period when he thus illustrated himself so copiously—have intended to play an honest part in the world. It is incredible that any man, not an absolute idiot, should have got himself tattooed in this manner, so as to be

recognisable in every portion of his body, had he intended to lead a felonious existence, which above all others demands the discreetest privacy and incognito. Indeed, since writing the above, we read in those columns of the *Times* devoted to intelligence respecting the class of society in which Mr Nigolar Ernst 'moves,' that his embellishments have been fatal to him, and that he is 'wanted' by a series of 'parties,' upon all sorts of charges.

The Property found by Police-officers upon the Persons of Prisoners, is, generally, it must be confessed, of a suspicious character, and includes articles not certainly familiar to ordinary pockets: such as ivory-hasted table-knives, oil-paintings rolled up small, portions of feather-beds, and silver pickle-forks. One honest couple are lucky enough to have in their possession no less than three watches, and the like number of wedding-rings. The doubtful, not to say incredulous manner in which their account of themselves is reported, contrasts strangely with the uncompromising personal description of them by the police. *They give their names* Joseph and Maria Clarkson, and *say they are man and wife*. The man is about twenty-five years of age; 5 feet 5 inches high; stout made, full-faced, pock-pitted, thick lips, light complexion, light-brown hair, whiskers shaved off, and lame of the right leg, which causes him to walk with a halt; and *says he is a whip-maker*. Politeness and a devotion to the Sex prohibit us from transcribing the particulars concerning Mrs Clarkson, which are minute, even to the 'dirty-white straw-bonnet,' and the 'black fall which she generally wears tied under the chin'—an unbecoming fashion which can scarcely enhance her charms.

We now come to more important portion of our newspaper—namely, the Description of the Deserters from her Majesty's Service. The office number, by which each man is known in the books, begins with 141,774, from which we cannot of course deduce anything without knowing at what date the numbering commenced. However, from the 14th of March to the 5th of April, there appear to have been no less than 360 desertions, or at the rate of 120 per week. A reward of one pound, instead of ten shillings, has been given since December 11, 1857, for the better apprehension of runaways. The majority of these seem to have been very soon nauseated with the taste of the laurel; 'recruit,' 'not finally approved,' or 'not surgically inspected,' being appended to most of their names. Only about one half of these persons levant in uniform (and these, it is probable, from necessity); while not a few, whether from honest motives, or from a wish to mitigate future punishment, cause their regimental properties to be returned. The office number of the Deserters from the Militia begins with 21,115; and in five weeks, these only amount to eighty, or sixteen per week. When he does make up his mind to decamp, however, the Militiaman seems to generally make up a considerable parcel likewise; 'a great-coat and two pair of trouzers,' 'summer and winter trousers,' or 'the whole of "reg. nec." (regimental necessaries). When he returns anything, which is rarely enough, it is usually such things as his 'chaco and waistbelt,' which he cannot use.

Thus, Desertion from the Militia, though much more unusual, in comparison, seems to be more systematic than in the Line; and is probably practised by professionals, who repeat the offence again and again.

There are only ten Deserters from the Marines, and twenty from the Navy; but, for obvious reasons, our Bow Street newspaper cannot present so accurate an account of them as of those of the other services. It is finally to be remarked, that, like our pictorial friend Mr Nigolar Ernst, deserters are much addicted

to the practice of tattooing themselves, and exhibit such varieties of taste in their self-ornamentation, as would puzzle Mr Ruskin and all the Fine-art Commissioners to classify.

A CHINESE MONASTERY.

FOU-TCHOW-FOO is the capital of the Fo-kien province, and is said to contain about half a million of inhabitants. J— and I (who had got there by the usual methods of sea and river transit, not particularly noteworthy) were of course curious to see this famed city; so, with D— to make up the trio, we started one morning at eleven o'clock in three sedan-chairs, each carried by three coolies. We proceeded through several narrow, crowded streets, and then crossed the long bridge, crowded also with passengers and beggars, some of the latter being most repulsive in appearance, for the principle of a Chinese beggar is to render himself so disgusting, that charity becomes marvellously quickened by a desire that he, the object thereof, should 'move on.' Having passed to the north side of the river, we were carried through fields and scattered streets, till we again entered a populous suburb, the inhabitants of which regarded us curiously, they being unaccustomed to the sight of barbarians. After a journey of four miles, more or less, we passed within the walls—somewhat to my relief, for the heat was intense—but only to traverse more dingy streets and lanes, and make our exit by another gate. Here we alighted at a café, or rather tea-shop, to inquire the way to a sulphur-spring, famed for its healing qualities, which was the first object of our visit. The shop was filled with tea-drinkers and smokers; and for their gratification there sat, in the middle of the room, a young lady, with remarkably small feet, and a voice to match, who sung to the accompaniment of a guitar, played by a man who might be her husband, father, or owner. The people, although all of the lower orders, were perfectly polite. Several rose with a smile and a well-bred bow, to offer seats, and a waiter presented himself to take our orders; while the music continued, as if the micropodius young person had been in the habit of singing on her falsetto to foreigners at least twice a week.

Luckily, J— had by this time acquired a slight smattering of the Fo-kien, so he was able to inquire the way to the baths; and as the distance was not very great, we left our chairs, and proceeded on foot, walking in an easy costume, consisting of white trousers, shirt, sun-hat, cheroot, and an umbrella; but the Celestials were not acquainted with the fashions of Bond Street, and in their eyes, no doubt, we were habited in complete full dress.

The first room in the *Badhaus*, a one-storied building of rather mean appearance, answers to the pump-room of English watering-places. Here those who have undergone the process of parboiling, and perhaps a few who, to judge from their complexions, seldom contemplate submitting themselves to such a severe discipline, enjoy a friendly gossip, slowly sipping weak tea, and smoking long brass pipes.

With true American coolness, followed by his two more modest companions, J—, regardless of the stares and smiles of astonishment that saluted us on all sides, proceeded to explore the various baths, dressing-room, &c., which, not over-clean nor neat in their appointments, opened from the tea-room. Crossing the latter chamber, and following a coolie bearing two water-pails, we passed into a kind of back-yard, where we found the hot spring bubbling from the ground. J—, anxious to test the temperature, unhesitatingly dipped his hand into the steaming well; but drew it forth again, with a loud exclamation,

to the great amusement of a group of spectators, in every variety of undress. Having seen enough of the Chinese spa, we returned to our chairs, and again entered the city.

Even the best streets are narrow, and the houses are usually of but one, or, at most, two stories, with projecting eaves, that cast a broad shadow on the pavement below. The shops are quite open, and are crossed by a counter, as with us, on one side of which stands the merchant, and on the other, the purchaser.

The grocers, provision-merchants, and other shopkeepers of the more vulgar kind, wear no clothing but a pair of very wide blue or buff drawers, and a pouch, which answers the purpose of a small apron, being hung round the neck by a chain, and covering part of the chest and stomach. They are generally pale and round-shouldered—indicative of unwholesome air, perhaps, of a poor diet, and of a very sedentary life, for a Chinaman rarely takes a 'constitutional walk.' Strongly contrasted with these are the brawny porters, carrying immense burdens—slung on a bamboo, and carried by one, two, or more coolies, according to the weight—who are constantly threading their way through the busy crowd.

One is struck by the incessant traffic and bustle; buying, selling, hawking, begging, chattering, laughing, elbowing, a little swearing, and the constant monotonous cry of the loaded porters, equivalent to 'By your leave, good people!' There are plenty of itinerant vendors of every kind of horrible-looking eatable and drinkable; and in a comparatively quiet corner, you may see the barber at work on the head, tail, ears, or eyelashes of a customer, while you meet many of his *confrères* carrying their apparatus of basins, &c., slung at the two ends of a bamboo, and supported on the shoulder. There is no beast of burden, excepting the coolie, nor any vehicle but the sedan.

We dismounted in the principal street, which is somewhat wider than the others, and gay with numerous painted and gilded sign-boards—for every house is a shop—and diverted ourselves by the sight of the people, and the wares exposed for sale; sometimes entering a shop, and ourselves becoming objects of curiosity. One merchant, a jeweller, examined with great attention the buckle of my belt, an elegant piece of Brummagem manufacture.

At the end of the street is one—a *cul de sac*, and consequently quiet and free from traffic—which we call 'Curio Street,' because it is entirely composed of curiosity-shops. Followed by a little crowd of observers, we visited each of these; and in the first, were regaled by the merchant with peaches and weak tea. In consideration, I suppose, of these courtesies, he demanded three times the proper price for two bronze vases, of very graceful form, not unlike the antique, and inlaid with silver in patterns of flowers, trees, and birds.

The negotiation was conducted somewhat in this manner:

Purchaser. What is the price of these bronzes?

Merchant. Their price is fifteen dollars.

P. Ahem—ha—I'll give you two dollars for them.

Merchant shrugs his shoulders, and smiles deprecatingly, as though he would say: 'Nay, good sir, you are pleased to be facetious; to sell them for less than fifteen dollars would indeed be absolute ruin.'

J. Better leave him alone for a little while, and look at something else.

Five minutes elapse, during which time we are examining a variety of wood-carvings, porcelain, and lacquered ware, apparently quite oblivious of the bronzes.

Merchant comes forward; he will take fourteen dollars.

P. Two; they are certainly worth no more.

M. (With another shrug) From us, will even take twelve dollars.

P. Well, I'll give you three.

M. Say ten, and close the bargain.

P. Once for all, then, four dollars.

Merchant cannot hear of such a sacrifice, so we leave him again to his own contemplations, and amuse ourselves by watching the passengers in the street. There is a Buddhist priest, with his shaven crown and long gray robes; he is treated with no particular reverence by the people; in fact, the power of the priesthood in China is not very great. Behind him comes an old man of venerable aspect, with a snow-white beard, and a miserable little wisp of gray tail, sticking over the collar of his rather greasy blue gown: in one hand he carries a pipe made of a slender bamboo, and by the other he leads a pretty little black-eyed boy, naked to the waist, his shining tail plaited with red silk. The child opens his large black eyes with astonishment at the sight of three 'outside barbarians,' and the old gentleman regards us with languid curiosity. We are speculating on the little goat-like feet of a poor woman who hobbles over the uneven pavement, supporting herself with a staff, when our merchant returns to the charge: 'Will you give eight dollars?'

P. Not a cent more than four.

Merchant shakes his head, and we prepare to leave the shop. Merchant follows us; he has thought better of it; he will sell for six dollars.

P. I don't mind giving you five.

M. Then it must be so; the vases are yours for five dollars.

The bargain is now concluded; and the merchant, who has made a large profit, and is perfectly satisfied, takes leave of us with great cordiality.

Time occupied in the transaction, about fifteen minutes and three quarters.

We bought a few more 'curios'—this same process of beating down having to be gone through with each shopkeeper, and for each article—and, after another stroll through the principal streets, resumed our chairs; *J.*—and I agreeing to start next day on a visit to the monastery of Cushan, our coolies set off at a rapid walk for home.

I was awaked next morning about sunrise by the discordant braying of trumpets and the roll of a drum, mingled with the sharp rattle of firearms. These sounds, I knew, indicated morning drill—there was a convenient open space near our house, often used for that purpose—and as I had never seen Chinese soldiers, I immediately turned out, and in a few minutes found myself a spectator of the review.

The soldiers were a most slovenly-looking troop, of all sizes, each dressed in a very dirty and sleeveless shirt—having embroidered on the back and breast a device including the word *Ping*; that is, soldier—and a pair of wide cotton trousers, not a whit cleaner than the other garment: this constituted the whole of the uniform, for they were shoeless and shakoless; their greasy tails twisted carelessly round heads that had not known the razor for many days. They were armed partly with firelocks, some of which were so large as to require two men for their management—namely, a *gun-carrier*, to support the piece on his shoulder, and a *gunner*, who stood behind to take aim and fire. Others carried a formidable-looking weapon like Neptune's trident, and the rest had swords or long-handled scythes, the blade set in a line, and not at an angle with the staff.

The soldiers were drawn up three deep on a level grass-plot; and on a rising ground to the right was stationed the band, composed of a drum and two long copper trumpets, each sounding a single hoarse note, but with the difference of an octave between the two instruments. The music was of a very simple

character, being nothing more than a trial who should beat, or blow fastest and loudest. The mandarin in command sat on a chair in front of the line. The exercises consisted of a series of sham-fights between two individuals at a time, each armed with the same kind of weapon. There was no display of skill in fence, but plenty of shouting, grimacing, and gesticulating, much in the sanguinary grotesque manner of melodramatic combats at our minor provincial theatres. Each weapon having been duly exhibited, a certain number of the men formed a square, bristling with scythes and pikes; while of the rest, some trotted round them, the remainder forming another circle outside these, and trotting in the opposite direction: in fact, they joined in a kind of war-dance, and this derived a great deal of effect from yelling and prancing *ad libitum*, which was no doubt intended to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. At one part of the course, the leader shook his trident, and gave a shout and a little jump, all which actions were imitated by each man in succession as he came to the same place: even thus has one seen a venerable bell-wether, at the head of a flock of silly sheep in full race from some predatory Newfoundland, shake his massive front, and bound, as it were, over an imaginary fence: each trusting follower repeats the leap, and that little spot of ground is avoided by every foot, as though a crimson drop from the butcher's horrid knife had fallen there, and the place were accursed. But the evolutions being brought too suddenly to a close, the men fell into confusion; one ran on, and another ran against him; a third checked a ferocious yell that was rising to his lips; and the rest huddled together, and stood still. The commanding-officer hesitated, the drummer shouted the proper order, for he evidently understood the state of affairs; but then he was only a drummer. Could a commanding-officer take advice from *him*? What is to be done? Is this mandarin really unequal to this emergency? No, the momentary hesitation is past; a brilliant idea has struck him; he leaps from his chair, seizes the man nearest him by the tail, just where it joins the back of the neck, and administers three or four severe kicks! The effect was like magic; order was at once restored; the officer calmly resumed his seat, and after a little more manœuvring, ending with a murderous fusilade, the parade was over; each man departed to his own home, without doubt, thoroughly convinced of the irresistibility of Celestial arms. I know not whether these were veterans or raw recruits, for this parade was my only experience in the Chinese art-military. W— (who was my host) put his larder and cellar at my command, that we might not want for provender on the trip to Cushan; but J— had undertaken the 'chow-chow' department; so, empty handed, I called for him at half-past five in the afternoon, for we had determined to start at sunset, in order to avoid the heat of the day.

We embarked in a *sampan*, freighted with two bamboo open chairs, six bearers for the same, and a chow-chow basket; J— armed with a most formidable-looking bowie-knife, and the present writer with a pilgrim's staff, which he trusted it would be necessary to put to no other than its legitimate use.

A few miles down the river, we landed at the foot of the Cushan mountain, on a wild-looking plain, half-marsh, half-paddy, and intersected by numerous creeks and small canals. It was a lovely evening; the light breeze, and cool sky—star-spangled, and illumined by fitful flashes of the silent summer lightning—and the wild freedom of the scene, inexpressibly exhilarating, after a glowing day in a close, dirty Chinese suburb. So we mounted our chairs, in excellent spirits, and started off, on the shoulders of our coolies, fine muscular fellows; their brown,

weather-beaten bodies quite untrammelled by unnecessary clothing. On our way to the mountain-foot, we had to cross a creek, thigh-deep in mingled mud and water, and a perilous bridge of considerable length, high, parapetless, and three bamboos in breadth: here I declined being carried, preferring the risk of being buried in the soft black mud, on my own responsibility. After surmounting these difficulties, we passed through a village, where we were saluted with a shout of welcome, followed by a shower of pebbles, which we thought it wise to wink at; the first, or almost the first piece of incivility I have met with in China. But our bearers kept up a steady pace, and soon left the impudent young villagers behind: having passed through a wide and venerable gateway, to which was attached a small house or chapel, we commenced the ascent of the mountain. This is made by an endless flight of broad, rough granite steps, passing through lofty pine-woods, dark as night, save where the fire-flies flit, or where the moon pierces the solemn foliage, casting her beams far below on the glittering water at the bottom of a deep rocky dell that descends precipitously on our left. There is no sight nor sound of man; but nature is not asleep, for the fire-flies dance to the music of myriads of crickets, and other night-insects; the distant roar of a million frogs ascends from the plain below, and this anthem for many voices is accompanied by the gentle, monotonous murmuring of the little 'burnie' in the glen. There is no stir nor rustle of leaves, for it is but a breath that fans us.

About nine o'clock, being tired of alternately walking and being carried up stairs—the long elastic bamboo poles allowing our chairs to swing about in an unpleasant manner—and, moreover, having had no dinner, we stopped to examine the contents of the chow-chow basket.

J— was on this occasion a bad caterer, for the sandwiches he had provided proved to be made of sour bread, and were given to the coolies, who seemed to find no fault in them, and we ourselves were reduced to 'crackers' (Anglise, biscuits), a pot of anchovy paste, two bottles of beer, and two of claret. The drinkables were undeniably excellent; but, alas! a valuable bottle of 'Bass' came to an untimely end—it was wounded on a sharp stone, and bled to death. However, we sat down on a rock—still quite hot to the touch, although the sun had set several hours—and made a tolerable supper of biscuits and St Julien.

We then rose refreshed, and with the eternal cheroot in our mouths, resumed our journey. But our progress 'up stairs' was abruptly interrupted by a broad massive door belonging to a small joshouse, that was built exactly in the path, no doubt for the convenience of the excellent monks levying toll on all pilgrims and devotees; for, there being a deep precipice on the left, and an insurmountable acclivity on the right, to pass otherwise than through this joshouse was impossible. After a good deal of knocking, we were admitted into a small court by an ancient priest, who seemed to be the only inhabitant of the place. He invited us into the temple, brought us tea, which we drank in the presence of three grim graven images, and of course begged an alms; for these holy men are ever ready to relieve us sinners of the burden of filthy lucre. We presented the old gentleman with 200 cash (about 1s. 4d.), and departed—no doubt, with his blessing.

After this, the ascent became less steep, and the granite steps gradually subsided into a tolerably level path, which, about half-past ten, brought us to the convent.

The convent is a large one-storied building, covering a considerable space of ground, and no doubt

several centuries old; but the actual date I could not learn. It is situated on a broad shoulder of the mountain, bordered by woods, but leaving a wide grassy lawn, enclosing three sides of the building, which is backed by a steep ascent. The principal entrance is approached by a broad inclined plain of granite, answering the purpose of a flight of steps, and which has a handsome appearance.

Having ascended to the gate, we knocked; and after a long and clamorous salutation from all the curs on the premises, we were admitted by a young monk, and conducted—through several passages and open courts surrounded by buildings, one-storied, and with the heavy gabled roof, most common in Chinese architecture—to the reception-room.

This room is lofty and spacious, but bare of furniture, except a table, a few benches, and, at the upper end, a small dais, for the accommodation of guests of distinction.

The fathers, simple-looking fellows, with long light-gray robes and shaven heads—it is only the laymen who wear tails—invited us to be seated, and of course presented us with tea. They then continued to stare at us good-humouredly, and to examine with interest the various possessions we had left on the table, and particularly J—'s bowie-knife; as for my pilgrim's staff, it attracted small attention. Luckily, one of the monks spoke the Mandarin language, which was a great relief to Mr J—, whose Fo-kien was hardly strong enough to sustain a lengthened conversation. From this man we learned that an American missionary was then living at the monastery, but it was too late for us to visit him that evening; so we asked for our sleeping-place, and were shewn into a small room on the right of the reception-room. Our bed-chamber was very clean, and contained exactly enough of chairs and tables for our use, namely, two of the former, and one of the latter; and of beds, one too many—that is, three, hung with green silk curtains, and each furnished with a straw mat, and a wooden pillow painted red and varnished. Here we passed the night until daylight; but, for my part, without much sleep, for—to say nothing of the mosquitoes, which were sufficiently annoying, the weather being too warm for silken curtains—there was in the great temple a certain deep-toned gong that at intervals of three or four minutes was struck by a monk whose duty it was to watch in the temple—the solemn bang, bang, bang sounding to every part of the building. This incessant gong-beating is intended, I fancy, to keep the gods, or perhaps the watchman, awake; I can answer for its having had that effect on the traveller.

The Chinese seem to put great faith in noise. The house-watchmen clatter two hollow bamboos together, or gingle a miserable cracked bell, for about three minutes out of every fifteen during the night. In the seaport towns, never a junk weighs anchor, or returns from a voyage, but half the vessels in the harbour must salute her with a furious clashing of gongs, which compliment is returned by a man who stands in the bow, and seems absolutely to throw his whole soul into the gong-stick. The noise of fireworks is as common in China as the croaking of frogs; but if, dear reader, you should ever sleep (!) in a Chinese town, on the night of a great festival, may Heaven help you to patience! It is impossible to describe the din of crackers, gongs, and every kind of infernal musical instrument, accompanied by singing, shouting, howling—sounds, indeed, that I do not think there is any English word to express; and this concert only ceases at the appearance of daylight! To add to your happiness, your servants, next day, are sleepy and stupid, too late for breakfast, and overdoing your omelet, about which you are very particular; for, of course, they joined the revellers

as soon as master had gone to bed; and let us hope they enjoyed themselves.

We rose betimes, and started for a climb to the summit of the Cushan. The ascent is steep, the first part through trees, and afterwards over rocks and thin, rusty-looking grass; but even at this height, a few miserable patches of cultivation are visible. The view of the wide and rich valley of the Min, the river winding through it like a silver thread, is glorious!

On our return, we spent some time in exploring the various chapels of the convent. In the great temple there is a colossal gilded statue of Buddha, representing a jolly, middle-aged person, very fat, and in the enjoyment of a hearty laugh: he is seated *à la Turc*, a heavy drapery falling from his shoulders, and covering his feet and limbs, but leaving the breast and stomach bare. The head is good and benevolent, although sensuality is strongly expressed in the lower part of the face, and in the obesity of the figure. On each side of Buddha are two colossal images, which, from the ferocity of their aspect, I took to be gods of war; they are armed, and each of the eight feet is supported by a little devil, apparently suffering great mental or physical agony. In a large chapel we found a group of grim-looking saints, seated in two rows opposite each other. These, to judge from their appearance, might be portraits; they are very well executed, the size of life, and covered with gilding. Many more images, small and great, and all painted and gilded, are scattered over the various buildings. I must not forget to mention that we were gratified by a sight of the great gong. May its sound never be less!

After breakfasting on our biscuits and claret—for, although the monks have fowls, eggs, and fish, they are sacred, and cannot be bought for dollars—we received a visit from the American missionary, Mr G—. With him we went to the library, apparently valuable, and in good condition; the monks brought out two or three of the books, to shew us the drawings they contained. These were principally portraits, and appeared to afford the fathers a good deal of entertainment; but as for the Sanscrit manuscript, I believe it was as unintelligible to them as to us. According to Mr G—, the monks are very ignorant, very superstitious, and at the same time very irreverent. Superstitious fear is enough to prevent them neglecting the routine of religious observance; but they repeat their Sanscrit services by rote, without intelligence, and—as we saw in a small chapel near the library—in a sing-song manner, with eyes half shut, and moving the body backwards and forwards in time to the beating of a small tom-tom or hollow bamboo.

We had to produce money before we were allowed to see the great relic, which was carefully shut up in a carved and gilded cabinet, only opened after the burning of several incense-sticks, at one of which J— lighted his cheroot. But this wicked levity of conduct did not seem to scandalise the priests; they quietly threw open the doors of the shrine, and displayed a venerable grinder, which had once occupied an honourable place in the mouth of Buddha himself! And, in sooth, Buddha must have been quite as large as his image in the temple, for this tooth was, in size, form, and colour, identical with a tooth from the jaws of that wisest of beasts, the elephant.

We could not go without seeing the sacred fish, which did us the honour to eat the rest of our biscuits, and a gong, beaten at regular intervals, by water-power, of which the fathers seem very proud.

Then, having presented our friends, the monks, with a certain number of dollars, to be expended in charity—to themselves or others—we bade farewell to them, and to Mr G—, and commenced the descent of the mountain.

On our way, we met two closely shut sedan-chairs, followed by a small party of attendants, no doubt conveying devotees of distinction to the convent. Behind them came a miserable beggar, toiling up the hot granite steps; he prostrated himself before us, which rather disgusted our English self-respect, but elicited an alms nevertheless. We found our boat waiting where we had left it the night before, and arrived in Fou-tchow at 2 o'clock P.M., not a little wearied by our morning's work, and the intolerable heat of the weather, for we were almost panting for breath under the fierce sun, which paid but small respect to our boat-awning. But a very light breakfast, followed by a dinner of 'crackers' and St Julien, had left us a splendid appetite, and all our fatigues were forgotten in the exhilarating sight of *tiffin*!

THE ECONOMY OF SIGHT.

It was Dr Johnson, we think, who expressed his surprise that the inventor of spectacles was regarded with indifference, and found no biographer to celebrate his deeds. Deeds, however, there are none to celebrate; his very name is doubtful, and his life a blank. His invention is his history, and a history which merits attention for the information it conveys, though it is now too late to confer honour on the assemblage of letters which form the words *Salvino* and *Spina*.

A monk, named Rivalto, in a sermon preached at Florence in 1305, says that spectacles had then been known about twenty years. This would place the invention in the year 1285, which coincides with the period when the reputed rivals for the honour flourished. Popular opinion has pronounced in favour of Spina. His opponents allege that the very passage of the monkish chronicle on which alone his pretensions rest, is fatal to the claim. It is there stated that another person, who is not named, had been before him in the discovery; but on his telling the result, and refusing to divulge the means, Spina divined the secret, and proclaimed it to the world. An Italian antiquary found, in a manuscript in his possession, an epitaph which records that one Salvino, who died in 1318, was 'inventor degl' occhiali.' The testimony would have been strong if the epitaph had existed in the original marble, but the private manuscript of an antiquarian collector often proves nothing except the credulity of the owner. There is no evidence, however, to forbid the notion that Salvino was the selfish predecessor who felt an additional satisfaction in seeing because nobody else in need of his invention would be able to see. The circumstance detracts little from Spina's originality, and not the least from his title to the gratitude of mankind. If it be granted that Spina was indebted to Salvino for the hint, the world are indebted to Spina for the spectacles.

A few sentences will explain how spectacles assist the sight. The minutest point of an illuminated object darts out rays in every direction, which diverge like the spokes from the nave of a wheel, and strike the eye through the whole extent of its outer surface; or, to speak with more exactness, the light assumes the form of a cone, the point of the object being the apex, and the eye the base. What is true of one point, is true of all. Millions of points are each discharging its cone of light upon the eye, which, before it can become a perceiving organ, must be able to disentangle the jarring rays, and reduce them to order. A property of light is to bend on entering a new substance that is either rarer or denser than what was previously traversed. By virtue of the difference between the parts of the eye, and the eye and the atmosphere, all the rays from the same point of the object without are gathered

together in a bundle by themselves till they once more meet in a point within. The action of the eye is simply to reverse the previous effect. The spreading light is again drawn close, and becomes at the goal what it was at the starting-place. Yet it is not enough that a picture should be formed; it must be painted on the retina at the back of the eye; and if the rays are brought together before or behind, instead of upon it, the sight is confused. This is the evil which spectacles correct.

In advancing years, the eyes lose a part of their bending power, for the ball and crystalline lens get flatter, and their globular shape has a principal share in producing the effect. The rays are not drawn inwards with sufficient force, and arrive at the retina before they can meet in a point. A curved glass operates upon light like the eye itself, and, interposed before it, does a portion of its work. The rays are bent in passing through the glass, and the eye, which was incompetent to the entire task, is able to complete what the glass begins. When the organ is nearly equal to its duty, a slight curvature, just enough to make good the deficiency, is given to the spectacles, and as the eye fails, their rotundity is increased—an exact proportion being thus kept up between the demand of nature and the supply of art.

Though near objects require spectacles to shew them distinctly, those more distant may be seen in perfection without their assistance. Since the rays from a point keep separating as they travel, all which branch out widely are soon too far asunder to fall within the narrow circle of the eye. The least divergent alone hit it, and these are the easiest reduced to union; but an eye brought close to the object catches the divergent rays at their source, and if its capabilities are diminished, is unable to master them. Here spectacles are a necessary aid, while the lesser task is readily performed by the naked eye. One of the earliest indications of an alteration in the sight is the holding a book further off than before, to get rid of the unmanageable part of the light.

Some eyes, which are over-round, refract the rays in excess, and bring them to a focus in front of the retina: the result is, shortness of sight. The eye must come nearer to what it wants to distinguish, and imbibe those spreading rays, which demand an additional bending equal to its own superfluity of power. Hollowed or concave glasses obviate the need for greater proximity. As round or convex spectacles draw in the rays, so these turn them out till their increased divergence is equivalent to the superior force of the eye. Thus, spectacles are a remedy for opposite defects. One sees obscurely what is under his nose, another is blind to all that is not; and a glass gives the mole the range of the eagle, and suffers the eagle to confine its vision like the mole.

But in careless hands, a tool becomes a weapon; and even spectacles worn, before they are required, deteriorate the sight they were meant to restore. By some mechanism, which as yet is imperfectly understood, the eye alters its conformation for every distance, in order that the bending, or, in technical language, the refracting power, may vary with the work. This capacity of change is dependent upon habit. A student seldom sees well at a distance, for his eyes are exercised upon near objects, and get fixed in the shape which they commonly assume. With a sailor, it is the reverse: he is for ever striving to penetrate into space, and at last sees more of the horizon than his hand. The same process is carried on in a vigorous eye when forced into harmony with the new refractions which glasses produce. It takes and retains a fresh bias, which encroaches on the resources reserved for the wants of future years. Soldiers, who used to exhaust ingenuity to procure

their discharge, discovered that straining their eyes to distinguish objects through concave glasses would make them what they desired—too short-sighted for the service. If they marred their vision, they recovered their liberty; but the tyranny of fashion has wrought greater havoc than military servitude, and could offer nothing in return except present self-conceit and future regrets. A few years previous to the appearance of the *Tatler*, the public were seized with this ambition of seeming not to see. The eye-disease was more contagious than the plague. Acquaintances deemed it essential to their personal importance to withhold their mutual recognition till they had narrowly examined each other through a glass. 'However,' writes Steele, 'that infirmity is out of favour, and the age has regained its sight.' But the age continues to lose it periodically, and has been blind within the memory of the present generation. When the mania returns—as return it will with some revolution of the moon—those liable to be infected would do well to consider whether, for the sake of being ridiculed by men of sense in their youth, it is worth their while to be purblind in their prime.

Though the malady is only epidemic at intervals, it never quite disappears. Whether it be a peculiarity of the medical profession to imbibe the wisdom by aping the infirmities of age, or that they see further into a case the less they can see of anything else, the delusion is common with the junior brethren of the craft, that spectacles make the physician, and procure the money which makes the man.

There are others, with eyes unimpaired by time, who, deceived by the aid which glasses afford to less fortunate coevals, expect a cure where there is no disease. To customers difficult to suit, the celebrated Ramsden presented spectacles fitted with common glass, and in the blandest accents told them they were the species adapted to their case. An exclamation of delight invariably followed: 'Ay, these will do—these are capital!' But that part of mankind who wear spectacles for use, and not for show, and always have them of an actual power, must beware of inferring the decay of sight from the lapse of years. Ramsden said he had a harder task to persuade favoured mortals that their sight was good than to cure defects where it was really bad. A lady who, at seventy-nine, could thread a needle with the naked eye, complained that nature had debarred her of a privilege. 'My acquaintances are always telling me how charmingly they can read and work with glasses, and surely it is very hard that *I* cannot enjoy the same advantage.'

Those who are ashamed to grow old, and think a badge of infirmity a badge of disgrace, take the other extreme. How they see, is entirely subordinate to how they look. But Time leaves his footmarks wherever he treads. The ocular exertion which instinct prompts, betrays at once their weak ambition and their waning sight. Their eyes and their minds are in strict keeping, for self-conceit is the blindest of passions; and while exulting in its work, withers by its touch every garland it attempts to weave. When the question lies between vanity and spectacles, it should be easy to decide which of the two is the most valuable possession. Prudence induces many to prolong the contest, convinced that the years which are snatched from the reign of spectacles are so much added to the duration of vision. The contrary is the truth, if the eyes are strained. The art which preserves them from unnatural efforts husbands their strength. Borrowed aid here is better than bankruptcy, and bankruptcy is best averted by not exhausting common resources before the extraordinary are called in.

Nothing is more variable in the constitution of man than the age at which near objects first appear

confused. Dr Johnson, blind in one eye and purblind in the other, dispensed with a glass to the close of his life; and the celebrated preacher Romaine read, unspectacled, small print in his eightieth year. Nature doles out privileges like these with a sparing hand. The greater part of mankind require assistance by forty-five; yet most at this age are taken by surprise, and seldom at the outset suspect the evil. The first symptoms occurring by candle-light—which is much less efficient than the light of day—the dim-eyed man complains to the chandler, when he should go to the optician. But when repeated changes of lamps and candles, and numberless manœuvres with the wick, produce no relief, when he finds that his family are in a glare, while he himself is in a mist, he begins to remember that he is older than he was, and that there is nothing which time favours less than eyes. He purchases spectacles, and is delighted with the acquisition. The haze is dissipated, and he seems to gaze upon a renovated world. Often, at no long interval, objects rerecommend to lose their brightness; a light film is spreading itself afresh; and that he may brush it away, he alternately rubs his spectacles and his eyes. The operation is unsuccessful. The dusky hue which hangs upon the scene is not to be treated like a time-soiled picture; and, warned by experience, he immediately traces the evil to its source. He calls again at his optician's, and asks for spectacles of higher power; the pleasure is renewed, and the disappointment follows. He is now alarmed at his vision advancing by such rapid stages to the realms of darkness; and as he is long past the confines of unassisted nature, he fears to be soon beyond the reach of art.

This is an extreme example of what generally happens in a less degree. The effect of spectacles diminishes with use, and offers a temptation to hasten the change from focus to focus, till art and nature are both run out. A confusion of the letters in reading or writing gives warning of the necessity for older glasses. The same focus will often serve for several years, and fortunate is the man who lives to wear the series to an end; whereas spendthrifts of sight must be prepared to put on their last glasses, for the last time, long before their eyes are closed in death.

The point settled that spectacles are required, the next consideration is to choose them with judgment. Many have no idea that it is requisite to choose at all. They disinter from the buried effects of the last generation a pair of family spectacles; and the older was the ancestor who wore them, and the dimmer were his eyes, the greater, they suppose, must be the virtue of the glasses which enabled him to see. But to begin where grandfathers and grandmothers left off, is to put twenty or thirty years upon the eyes in a short six months. The selection should be made by trials in the shop of the optician, and the lowest power taken which shews the work for which they are intended at the ordinary distance. The divergent rays of an object held closer, call for stronger refraction to unite them on the retina, and may lead to the choice of a higher power, or to the adoption of spectacles where none are required. Whoever makes a mistake, buys a master instead of a servant; his eyes will be tyrannised over by his spectacles, and be worn out in their service.

The novice expects the glasses which enable him to read will be equally good for an extended view. He glances from his book down the street, and exclaims that what brightens the page darkens the prospect. A glass cannot change its form like the eye; if it has power enough for a small distance, it will over-refract the rays from a greater. 'An' two men ride of a horse,' says Dogberry, 'one must ride behind.' Forensic spectacles, which originated, as the name denotes, in the courts of law, have the upper circle

pared down to a straight line, and the counsel, by lowering his eyes, looks through the glass at his brief, and, by raising them, looks at his audience over the edge. To a bystander he appears as if at one time he saw with half a pair of spectacles, and at another with half an eye. The arrangement is most useful in securing clear sight at variable distances, and permits the gaze to be averted at intervals from the glass, which adds the minor comfort of a cool eye to the commanding advantage of a cool head. Nor is the benefit less in the study than in court. By the adoption of forensic spectacles in reading and writing, the heated organ gets refreshed in the casual pauses of thought, without shifting the machine and interrupting the employment.

When not engaged upon near work, the economist of sight will look about him with a free eye; and if an impenetrable mist should gather, he must have a second pair of spectacles, less powerful than the companions of his sedentary hours. At present, he has only to ascertain that both eyes are equally well at a single distance, or whether one does not require a different focus from the other. If the page be looked at alternately with each, any variation in the effect will be immediately perceptible, and the two compartments can be fitted with glasses of varying power. It is common, though we are unconscious of it, for the eyes to wear unevenly; the left lags behind, and leaves his fellow to perform the work. All who use a single glass, and always apply it to the same side—especially artisans who, like watchmakers, pass hours in this position—are in a particular manner exposed to the defect. The idle eye, enervated and not preserved by indolence, is sure to be the worst. Moderate action is essential to the health of every part of the body; and the dislocation of a limb upon the rack would not be more destructive than protracted repose. Both methods are tried upon the eyes—the right is racked with labour, and the left is deprived with ease. A practice which is universal among those who are compelled to employ a single eye at a time, must be supposed to possess an undoubted advantage, or it would seem a simple resource to work each by turns.

The right focus found, it is necessary to ascertain that the centre of the glass is directly opposite to the centre of the pupil. Though the width between the eyes is far from uniform, little attention is paid to the circumstance. There is not less reason that the frames of spectacles should be adapted to the face, than that a hat should be fitted to the size of the head. The inconvenience of glasses which are not precisely in front of the eyes, will be quickly felt; but the cause of the inconvenience may remain long undetected. The aching sensation is a common consequence of using spectacles at first; and possessed of this knowledge, the wearer continues both figuratively and literally to wink at the fault. The remaining points of importance are soon decided. To see that the glass is without a speck or a vein, it has only to be held before the flame of a candle; to learn that the substance is uniform, and the shape exact, it suffices to ascertain that in raising the spectacles from a book towards the eyes, none of the letters appear distorted; and both the lenses will be known to be of one focus, if the effect is the same when they are looked through in succession with the same eye. The best form for the glasses is the common double convex for long sight, and the double concave for short. Perisopic spectacles, the contrivance of Dr Wollaston, shew a wider prospect—an advantage which can be equally gained by a turn of the head—and shew it less perfectly, which is a serious evil, that admits no relief. Of the numberless other inventions which are for ever being thrust before the eyes of the public, it is needless to speak. Mr

Adams, an optician of the last century, and the author of an excellent treatise on his art, ascribed them to a craving for extensive business. What is new is seldom much more than a Greek name, of which the learned look and lofty sound may sometimes impose upon those who know nothing but English, and lead them to believe that the term implies a multitude of recondite virtues which it defied the poverty of their mother-tongue to express.

Better to shun the bait than struggle in the snare.

Every one must feel it an unsatisfactory thing if he goes to buy spectacles and has dust thrown in his eyes by the optician. For the rest, pebbles are dearer than glass, without being better, except that they are difficult to break and scratch; the mounting is a matter of taste, and not of science; all that is needed besides is health to wear the spectacles and money to pay for them—particulars in which it is beyond our power to afford assistance.

THE HEAD OF MY PROFESSION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

At Brussels, the game began. There were hundreds of wealthy Englishmen there, and there were the usual number of sharks of all nations assembled to prey upon them. I was well received, and was, I believe, set down in many a private memorandum as a pigeon easy to be plucked. Crannel managed his affairs with consummate address. He gave the signal for me to lose almost constantly, day after day, even when I knew that he had heavy bets depending on my play, and though he had to pay my own losses as well as his. I could not understand it, and one night, after a repetition of the enigma, begged an explanation. He then informed me that the supposed losses he had endured were to confederates—the real ones being my own small stakes—and that I should see the result of this policy very soon. He was right in his prophecy. The confederates, who seemed to have won so much, excited the cupidity of others, and they having staked large sums, the signals suddenly changed, and I had to win. By what appeared the wildest and most fatuous play, I won game after game, which the most suspicious could only attribute to accident or the most unheard-of luck. The losers doubled their stakes, and lost again—and now, in lieu of the feigned thousands lost, the solid thousands poured in. So artfully did my patron control his greed, resigning even large sums when it was policy to do so, that no symptom of mistrust appeared; and for several weeks he went on reaping the golden harvest.

Suddenly, he announced his intention of starting for Berlin, and requested me to give my valet the necessary orders, to call in my accounts and settle them, for we should depart in twenty-four hours. I could not understand the reason, as he had certainly netted some thousands where we were, and might easily have doubled his gains. I was unwilling to move further, for I had formed some most agreeable acquaintances, and was already beginning to feel so much at home in the character I personated, as to forget the realities of my lot. I told him what were my feelings.

'That,' said he coolly, 'is the reason why we quit. Had you kept yourself more aloof, and formed no such close intimacies, we might have done well here for another month; but you have forgotten yourself, and imagine that you are something besides my servant.'

It was true—I had forgotten, and the reproof was just; but I hated him for making it, and was profoundly indignant at seeing that, spite of the gains I

had brought him, he regarded me as a mere tool. I held my peace, however, complied with his orders, and the next day was on the road to Berlin, whither he followed me in a few days.

At Berlin, my valet, who was a creature of Crannel's, engaged a suite of apartments under the Lindena, where we awaited his coming. He came in due course, and the game was renewed under similar circumstances, and resulting in similar gains to my proprietor. We stayed in the Prussian capital over two months, during which time I was received in the best society, where, however, I could no longer feel at home, from the consciousness that I was debarred from private friendships. Here my first quarter's salary became due, and Crannel paid me the £.75, in terms of the contract, taking receipt for the same. It may seem odd to the reader, who knows that a few months before I was contentedly working for journeyman's wages, that I felt intensely dissatisfied with my pay; but he who knows anything of the phenomena of a gamester's mind will readily believe that such was the case. In truth, I looked upon Crannel as a plundering scoundrel who had entrapped me in his meshes, and was robbing me wholesale of the fruits of my own talents. I conceived that I had at least an equal right with himself to my winnings—and I began daily to hate the sight of his long, stolid visage, and the piercing eye, from whose glance I could never be rid.

I need not recount the history of our wanderings and our well-timed visits to the various gambling centres of the European kingdoms. Be it enough to say that I was the tool of this Old Man of the Mountain for two years, during which time he had made large periodical remittances to his London banker. At the end of that period we sailed from Naples for Marseille, and entered France.

Though Crannel must, almost from the commencement of our connection, have been quite aware of my feelings regarding him, he had never thought fit to manifest any consciousness that such was the case. He had scrupulously performed his part of the contract—paying my salary to the day, and defraying all the expenses of the expedition. On my part, I had given him no cause of complaint, feeling too well that I was in his power; but that I thoroughly hated and detested him, he knew as well as possible. Perhaps it was with some idea of appeasing my hatred that he informed me, as we were approaching the French capital, that it was his intention to double my salary this third year, if I answered his expectations.

'And what are they?' I asked curiously.

'Increased caution and self-restraint,' he said. 'Paris is the grand field of operations. I should have taken you there at once, had you been seven years older; the two years' experience you have had elsewhere should have taught you the value of reserve. If you have learned that, we shall do well; if not, we shall be soon blown, and success will be doubtful.'

I knew what he meant, and, for my own sake, I treasured the hint, though I made some ungracious reply.

At Paris, my valet, according to his instructions, took apartments in the Champs Elysées, and hired me a handsome brougham. Instead of first frequenting the gambling-rooms, I allowed myself to be enticed thither by others. I pretended to know only the English game, and for some time would play no other. Then I grew fanatic for the French game, and learned that, and played it with all the airs of a novice, losing generally, and winning *by accident* when my patron gave the signal. He had now several confederates, his creatures, who played into his hands, and shared his gains, which at times were beyond all former precedent. When my salary became due, he doubled it according to his promise,

without any expression of gratitude on my part, and the absence of which did not appear to surprise him in the least.

The position I had assumed in Paris enabled me to keep aloof from the gambling crowd, and materially helped him in carrying out his plans. An act of imprudence of mine, however, at this time, almost entirely defeated them, and altered the complexion of his schemes.

One morning, while lounging along the Boulevards, and peering into the shops for some new fashions—I had become an arrant fop by this time—I stumbled suddenly upon my old Bath friend and quondam schoolfellow, Ned B——. He was overjoyed beyond expression to see me, and, as it very soon appeared, not without reason. I saw, the moment our greeting was over, that he was striving with the blue-devils, and getting the worst of the strife, and I naturally inquired what was the nature of his grievance.

He replied with a groan and an ejaculation of thankfulness at having fallen in with me. Then seizing me by the arm, he lugged me off into a private room of a neighbouring *estaminet*, and, bolting the door, began his tale of woe. The burden of the whole was, that he had fallen into the hands of a cunning professor of our common craft, whom he had mistaken for a pigeon, and who, according to the stereotyped system, had led him on by first allowing him to win—had turned the tables on him at the critical moment, and had on the night last past plundered him to the tune of four hundred sterling, promising him his revenge at the next meeting. B——'s eyes were opened now that it was too late, and his money nearly all gone. He saw his master in the wily Austrian, and was convinced that if he played again, it would be but to increase his losses. He was at his wits' end when he met me. I was the only man who could help him. Would I take his place that night—engage the Austrian, and win back the money?

I professed my readiness to do what I could, but I doubted whether his antagonist would be willing to play with a stranger for such sums as B—— had lost.

'There is no fear of that,' said B——; 'we can lead him into it easy enough. Will you come?'

I could not refuse, and therefore I despatched a note to Crannel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and declined playing again, on the ground that he was too strong for me; adding, that I would try a game or two with the stranger, if agreeable. The Austrian rose and expressed his willingness, if B—— would defer their engagement for a while. This was, of course, arranged, and we began to play. We began at eight in the evening, and left off about dawn: we began playing the silliest game imaginable on both sides, and left off like finished masters of the science, skilled in all the difficult refinements of which it is susceptible. I knew, before I had played an hour, the whole strength of my adversary, while he remained ignorant of mine almost to the close of the match. It was not till my friend had won back all his money, that I began to throw off my disguise. I then piqued my adversary by criticising his play, and so soured his temper, that he played worse. When all was over, he was cleaned out to the last franc, and B—— and I had a thousand francs

each of clear gain. We parted in the glimmer of the morning, B—— giving him his card, and offering him his revenge whenever he chose to claim it.

When I reached home, I found Crannel there awaiting me. I saw that he was in a savage mood; and to irritate him still further, I made a boast of what I had been about. His mortification was evidently extreme; but he only bit his lips, and said little. As he doubtless foresaw, my exploit got wind, and the result was, that ere long my assumed disguise peeled off of itself, and I was known, in the gaming circles at least, for what I was. Crannel, of course, had to alter his policy, and content himself with the new state of things. Still, as his fiat determined every game I played, his gains were very considerable. For my part, I liked my new position far better; and for the first time, really enjoyed the excitements of a gambler's life. I was now backed against the first players in Paris; and when the signal was to win, I did so in such brilliant style, that my renown soon spread abroad, and I became the wonder of the gambling circles.

About the middle of August, there arose a rumour of a new star in the billiard world. This was a young Russian, who was said to have reaped the highest honours in St Petersburg, and to have beaten every opponent who had ventured to meet him. As usual, the most exaggerated reports were circulated regarding him; and he must have been a magician, working by enchantments, if half that was said were true. It was inevitable that I should be pitted against him. Everybody talked of this consummation, and was eager to bring it about. Crannel did not start any objection; and my admirers making up a considerable purse, the affair was decided on. The match was to come off in the Palais Royal by daylight, on the Sunday. I had never seen my opponent up to the hour of our meeting; and when, with Crannel, who had betted liberally on my side, I repaired to the spot, what was my astonishment in recognising in the renowned Russian my once shirtless antagonist, Pat Meagher, whom, as a lad, I had defeated at Bath. It is true he looked the Russian well in a pair of dark whiskers, and Cossack moustache; and he talked Russ most glibly with a friend who accompanied him. Still, there was the unmistakable Irish face, and the undeniable brogue flavoured his Slavonic speech. I was glad to see that he did not recognise me; but I was determined to seek him out and have a private conference, if possible. In stripping for the match, after we had shaken hands, he dropped a card from his vest-pocket; in a moment, I had secreted it unobserved, and the contest began.

But for my previous knowledge of Meagher's play, and the points in which his strength lay, I might probably have been beaten, and that summarily. As it was, the contest was a succession of wary sparrings, in which nothing brilliant was either done or attempted. Had a drawn match been possible in billiards, this would have been drawn. It ended in my winning, through the failure of an almost impossible stroke which, at the last crisis, my adversary was compelled to attempt, and which left the game in my hands.

I was immensely pleased with this victory, on more accounts than one. I had not only gained reputation, but I had convinced myself that the quasi Russian was incapable, in the long-run, of holding his own against me. I had drawn him out, and taken his measure, and felt myself his master. Crannel, who never missed anything, had seen as much, and would doubtless make good capital of his discernment; while, on the other hand, the partisans of the Russian were confident in his superior play, which, they swore, an accident only had defeated.

The morning after the match, I rose early, and drove in a *fiacre* to the address on Meagher's card, which

bore the inscription, 'Ivan Mearowitz, Hôtel de la Paix, Rue Richelieu.' It was one of those grim old hotels where you knock, and are let in by an invisible porter. A voice directed me to the second door 'au quatrième;' and on sounding it with my knuckles, Pat, who was in bed, bawled out 'Entrez,' and I walked in. He was flustered at seeing me, and began stuttering apologies in three languages at once.

'Is it possible,' I said, 'that you did not know me yesterday, Pat?'

'Bedad,' said he, 'it must be possible, I reckon, for I don't know you now for anything but the man that be me yesterday.'

'Don't you recollect me at Bath five years ago?'

'Whew! botheration—if I hadn't a presquintiment of something of the kind, I'm a Dutchman. That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nuts. Oh, be the Vargin, but it's meself that's glad to see ye anyhow.'

'Well, and what have you been doing these years?'

'Och! won't I tell you all about it? But not here, not here, my frind. Faith, the divole incarnate 'll be here in a jiffy, and he mustn't see you. Do ye see that windy yander wid the green venaytians?' and Pat, rising from his bed, pointed across the court.

'I see it—what then?'

'Cross the coort, mount the tother stairs, and go into No. 15 on the third floore. I'll be wid ye in a twinklin.'

I did as he requested, feeling assured, from his eagerness and excitement, that some interesting revelation awaited me. In less than ten minutes he made his appearance in an old dressing-gown, and having bolted the door of the closet, which was but a receptacle for lumber, seated himself on a box, and commenced a rather remarkable monologue. I shall not give it in detail, out of consideration for the reader's patience. The gist of it may be briefly extracted, and was to the following effect: Like myself, Pat Meagher had been picked up by a speculating patron, and carried off to St Petersburg, where, according to his own account, he had won a mint of money for his owner, receiving but a miserable stipend for himself, and ungentlemanly treatment into the bargain. His tyrant was one Mortier, a cashiered French officer. Meagher assured me that he had won for him a hundred thousand rubles in St Petersburg, and as much more at Moscow—the villain coolly bagging the whole. Pat's hatred to the man was almost demoniac; and he seemed possessed with the idea that he should be driven to murder him before their contract was expired, and which had yet two years to run. My affection for Crannel, as the reader knows, was somewhat of the same stamp; and by way of consoling each other, we mutually anathematised the villains who had us in their grasp.

But Meagher was not content with cursing his enemy; he had a plan which he had long been revolving in his mind, and which his encounter with me would enable him to carry out: he proposed at once, and with an almost savage vehemence, that we should turn the tables upon our tyrants, and, as they had so long done by us, enrich ourselves at their expense. The thing could be easily done; we had only to get a clever confederate of our own, and then, disregarding the private signals of our patrons, sell them at the best price we could, by winning or losing to suit our own interests. The scheme struck me as excellent, as well from its simplicity as from the retributive justice it involved, and I agreed to it eagerly and at once.

'Then be here to-morrow,' said Pat, 'by seven in the morning; by that time, I shall have seen the right man, and, bedad, we'll work the oracle in future on our own account.'

Soon after seven next morning, Meagher and I were fleeing along the road to St Cloud, to the residence of M. Florian, who had entered into the scheme, and with whom we were to concert measures for putting it into execution. M. Florian was a model dandy of that era—of graceful figure, exquisite manners, and fine accomplishments—musician, artist, linguist, and gambler, the idol of the sex, and the most careless, agreeable, and good-humoured rattlepate in the world. He received us in an elegant saloon, hung with the masterly productions of his own pencil, sang us an operatic air to his own accompaniment, arranged our little plan on the simplest grounds and the most liberal terms, gave us his note of hand for a round sum to fall due in a few weeks, ordered up a grand *déjeuner*, and, that discussed, drove us as far back as Auteuil in his own carriage.

The reader may perhaps suspect that M. Florian was little to be relied on; if so, he is mistaken. The honour that exists among—ahem!—among gentlemen of certain pursuits, is as spotless as the snow, and is rarely violated. Pending the whole duration of our threefold contract, Florian behaved with the rectitude of a judge in ermine, and the precision of a banker.

Affairs now began to take a different course. The great billiard contest between the Russian and the Englishman was renewed almost nightly in the presence of the first amateurs of the capital. Agreeably to our plan, we both of us ignored the signals of our patrons whenever Florian gave any signal of his own, and thus turned the whole current of success into his treasury. Meanwhile, Florian played his game so adroitly, that he was rarely seen to win more than a trifle, and was seen as often to lose. This state of affairs had not continued long before Crannel began to look daggers at me whenever we met in private; and at length, not being able to refrain any longer, taxed me with treachery. I denied the charge, and insisted that he should pit me against some other antagonist; I could not be sure of the Russian, who was always developing new strength. My patron was evidently perplexed, and for a time he refrained from betting, but watched me, as I was well aware, all the closer. I had reason to suspect, moreover, that he had set spies upon my path when I went abroad, though what was the extent of his discoveries I never knew.

I saw Meagher but rarely in private, and then only at the hours before the dawn, when I could steal away from the observation of my prying valet, whose grog I had to dose more than once in order to prevent his watchfulness. Our scheme answered famously. We had divided five thousand pounds with Florian in three months, and vastly to the delight of Pat, most of it had come out of Mortier's pocket—and we were at last on the road to fortune. I am of opinion that if Crannel had not by this time some certain knowledge of our secret confederacy, he had at least so far verified his suspicions as to feel conscious that the contract by which he nominally retained my services was no longer of any advantage to him. But this double game was fast approaching to its end.

One night, Meagher's patron, Mortier, who came to the café where we played with the scowl of a fiend on his brow, and in a state of furious excitement, as was always the case when he drank freely, began to vociferate violently and to bet heavily on his protégé. M. Florian, who was present, immediately indicated that I was to win, and accepted all Mortier's proffered bets, in addition to those he had already made. It chanced that he had scarcely accepted these pledges, when one of those accidents, which are always contingent on the board of green cloth, and which the most experienced players cannot always guard against, gave Meagher

such a decided advantage in the game as should, and would, under ordinary circumstances, have secured his winning it. Mortier now redoubled his clamour, and offered very heavy odds, challenging the whole room to accept them. Florian instantly did so, and they were accepted also by Crannel to a very unusually large amount. The game went on, and I recovered my lost ground so far that, as it drew towards the close, I had scored as many points as my opponent, and two points more scored by either of us would win the game. It was Meagher's turn to play, and his ball being under the cushion, he gave a miss, which, while it was the right play, was also good policy for us, since, had any accident sent one of the balls into the pocket, all would have been over. It was now my turn, and there was a winning hazard on the balls which at any other time I could have made with ease and certainty. Up to this moment of my life I had never known what it was to be nervous; but now, a panic fit seized me; the cue trembled in my hand: if I did not win, I knew that Florian would lose more than all three of us could pay. I essayed to make the stroke; but there were two hundred thousand francs depending upon it: I felt the eye of Crannel upon me, and every sinew in my frame vibrated. Calling for a glass of iced water, I drank it off, and then, endeavouring to think of something else, hastily struck the stroke. The red ball, instead of dropping into the pocket, struck the small angle of the cushion, rebounded, and kissed my own, the two then stopping, one on each side of the pocket, with a space between them barely wide enough for a ball to pass through. There were a hundred eyes looking on, but not a lip moved, only a suppressed groan arose for an instant among my partisans.

It was now Meagher's turn to play, and it was almost impossible for him to strike either ball without winning the game, in which case we were ruined. He did not seem at all disturbed, but lowered his cue to play. I thought he would take the only course open to him, and make a foul stroke; instead of that, he drove his ball sheer between the other two, without touching either of them, and ran a 'coo' in the pocket; thus losing the game.

Affecting the utmost horror at what he had done, he dashed down his cue, and began tearing his hair and blaspheming. I of course knew that he had done it on purpose; but the thing was so difficult, so apparently impossible, that the spectators did not suspect foul-play—none of them, with the exception of Mortier, who, having already his suspicions aroused, was now convinced of the justice of them, as well as enraged to madness at the heavy losses he had incurred. With a countenance livid with fury, he rushed towards Meagher, and yelling a desperate oath, dealt him a savage blow on the face.

A horrid scene ensued. The Irishman flew at the aggressor's throat, and would have strangled him on the spot but for the interference of a dozen strong arms, which tore him away. Frenzied beyond all control of himself, he burst out with a torrent of invective, abuse, and rabid curses, and leaping on the table, called heaven and earth to witness that he would not move thence alive without the heart's blood of the villain that had struck him. Mortier at first responded only by a sarcastic sneer, and turned his back upon him. But the Irish blood was not to be so appeased. Branding his patron as coward, and heaping on him the foulest charges, Meagher continued to denounce him as robber, assassin, traitor, and *forçat*; and called on the company to listen while he gave them the veritable history of the monster.

Mortier, who had started at the word *forçat*, again winced, and turning sharply round, 'Let us have weapons,' he said; 'the fool shall have his way!'

Springing on the table, he folded his arms, and awaited the issue with a suppressed eagerness which shewed how deep should be his revenge.

Rapiers were brought: it was notified to both the combatants, that if either of them quitted the table, he would be instantly disarmed, held to be defeated, and incapable of resuming the strife. Then M. Florian drew a chalk-line across the centre of the cloth—the weapons were delivered to each, and the duel began.

Meagher, to whom the delay had afforded a moment for reflection, which he had wasted in fuming and stamping, advanced boldly to the encounter. Mortier, who was the shorter by nearly a head, instead of opposing him in the usual attitude, stood bent forward in a half-circle, with his rapier-point quivering above his head. Some rapid passes took place, and Mortier was seen to be bleeding from two slight wounds; but he was cool and wary in proportion to the peril—parried the deadly lunges of his tall foe with unvarying certainty, and at length, springing forward within his guard, instantly shortened his weapon, and thrust it sheer through the breast of the poor Irishman, who leaped with a wild cry into the air, and fell on the table a corpse.

Paralysed at the sight, I was gazing horror-struck at the lifeless body, when I felt a hand grasping my shoulder: it was Crannel. 'We must to cover,' he said; 'the police will be here in a minute, and you will gain nothing by their courtesies, you may depend upon it.'

That was the last game of billiards I ever played to the profit of Louis Crannel, who, at my request, paid me off the same night, giving me to understand that he knew I had played him false, but that having taken his measures accordingly, I had not injured him, though I had intended to do so. I reproached him in my turn with his systematic and cold-blooded rascality and selfishness—and we parted.

Mortier got a sentence of a year's imprisonment for the duel, one month of which he actually suffered. Poor Meagher was buried as a Russian officer, and was registered at Père la Chaise under the name of Mearowitz. M. Florian and I divided his effects between us, and I had seven thousand francs for my share of Mortier's losses, all of which were ultimately paid. How this sum and much more which I had gained over the devil's back was subsequently dissipated under another part of his person, it boots not the reader to know. Poverty, the ultimate lot of nearly all gamblers, has been mine for many a weary year. With mature age came dyspepsia and nervousness, and then all reliance on my skill as a billiard-player vanished. Of all accomplishments, this is the one that requires the most perfect condition of the physical faculties, and no man who is conscious that he possesses either nervous system or ventral organs, need expect to excel in it.

My confessions may well end here.

CHANCES FOR MAKING MONEY.

An American writer, Mr E. T. Freedley, has composed a work for the special edification of his countrymen on the art of making money—a subject on which one can imagine they stand in no need of advice. The title of his book, however, which we quote below,* points to a variety of branches of industry, abroad as well as at home, which seem to offer scope for the safe investment of capital; this important term, *safe*, being of course in all cases qualified by a reasonable amount of cautious inquiry; so, at the very threshold,

as it were, we come back to the old homely maxim, that common sense, in which we include a fair share of skill, is, after all, the true guide to fortune.

Resorting to a large display of statistical explanations, our author, if not very ingenious and novel, at least spares no trouble in shewing us how, in certain kinds of mining, manufacturing, agricultural, and other operations, a man has good opportunities of realising wealth; the whole, according to his summing-up, amounting to as many as a thousand-and-ten chances of making money, provided people have the tact to know how to take advantage of them. Some of his 'chances,' it will be confessed, are sufficiently odd. One consists in 'discovering a new drink, pleasant, wholesome, and exhilarating, without being intoxicating,' in order to supersede the use of all alcoholic liquors. We join in thinking that this is not a bad idea. Will any one, with some chemical knowledge, be so good as make a fortune by inventing some delightful drink—none of your sirupy or ginger-beery fluids—which, while satisfying temperance folks, will, to the bulk of mankind, take the place of wine, spirits, and malt liquors of all sorts? What a fortune that would be! Meanwhile, Mr. Freedley, with all his cleverness, fails to give the faintest hint how this grand discovery is to be made; but offers some consolation by telling us how Dr Schrieber, a Russian physician, has found out a means of curing habitual drunkenness. His process is very simple, and also somewhat droll. It consists in confining the drunkard in a room, and there supplying him with meat and drink, tintured, in all cases, with his favourite spirit. If, for example, it be gin, you put gin in his tea, coffee, broth, water, every liquid he requires; you also saturate his bread, vegetables, and other varieties of food, with gin, till the poor wretch is driven half frantic with disgust, and he acquires such an utter detestation of spirits, that ever afterwards he is a miracle of temperance. All we can say is, that we have no faith in this Russian doctor's panacea. Talking of stimulants, Mr Freedley, whom our readers begin to suspect is a little credulous, bursts out with another famous chance of making a fortune. This is the discovery of some innocuous herb to be a substitute for tobacco. Hear him. 'It is no exaggeration to say that there are thousands of persons whose trembling nerves are anxiously awaiting the announcement of the discovery of a substitute for tobacco, which shall possess its agreeable properties, with none of its injurious effects.' Again, in this dearth of invention, he falls back on a useful piece of advice to money-seekers, as regards the preparation and sale of tobacco. 'Until a real substitute is discovered, there are a hundred chances to make money in putting up the genuine article in new shapes, with new colours, in new packages, with new names.' A chemist, it is added, recommends the use of glycerine in the manufacture; the chewing kind, in particular, being greatly improved by this admixture. We make our American friends welcome to this valuable discovery; likewise to the author's hint that a good thing could be made by growing poppies from which to extract opium for the Chinese market.

To those who have a fancy for agricultural enterprise, Mr Freedley points out the eligibility of an investment in land in the western states, vineyards in Ohio, cotton-planting in Texas, bamboo-growing in Florida, and finally sugar and coffee plantations in the West Indies. Referring to the deplorably deserted condition of estates in Jamaica, consequent on slave emancipation, he shews how thousands of acres of fine land could be bought for two or three

* *Opportunities for Industry, and the Safe Investment of Capital.*
By Edwin T. Freedley. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1859.

shillings an acre; and, 'what is more extraordinary, a cultivated sugar-estate of two thousand acres was sold quite recently for 3000 dollars.' Stagnation being seemingly at its lowest point, the period has now arrived for investment. 'An improved estate of highly productive land, in an Italian climate, warm, but generally healthy, where harvesting and planting can go on throughout the year, can be purchased for less than the cost of an equal quantity of wild land in states covered with snow five months in the year. Coloured people are availing themselves of the opportunity, and becoming landowners in the West Indies—there being now in Jamaica alone, over one hundred thousand Africans, who own from three to five acres, and maintain themselves by cultivating them; but they have not the tools nor the requisite knowledge to render available the natural fertility of the soil. Looking thus solely at the chances for profit, and dismissing from the mind all considerations associated with a desirable residence, it is probable that a moderate fortune can be made as speedily in the West Indies as in the most favoured portion of the globe.' It is not without reason that the author subsequently qualifies his statement, by admitting that the great embarrassment in the West Indies is the scarcity of labourers; and this, of course, is the foundation of the whole circumstance. What signifies a fine estate, if it cannot be cultivated with a profit? Nor can we blame the free negroes of Jamaica for seeking good wages. When man can live comfortably by lazily scratching a few acres, which are his own property, it would be strange to find him disposed to work for a low stipulated hire on all occasions that his assistance was required. What, in this connection, as an American would say, calls for notice, is the lamentable want of some plan, under reasonable guarantees, for introducing an abundance of free negro labour into the West Indies. England, with all its tact, does not seem to possess the skill to manage this important point, and consequently has the mortification of seeing some of its possessions literally going to the dogs. There are plenty refugee negroes in Canada, for the climate of which they are not well suited; why not induce them, if possible, to emigrate to the West Indies?

Respecting the riches which may be obtained by trading with China and other eastern countries, we must leave the curious in these matters to look over Mr Freedley's statements, which he seems to gather from all kinds of public reports and newspaper correspondence, without much regard to minute accuracy. We are reminded, however, of the useful piece of advice, that in dealing with the Chinese, there is no chance of becoming rich by trying to trick them into buying flimsy articles which will not wear; for they are just as clever at detecting frauds as certain American or English manufacturers are in perpetrating them. Quoting the observations of a correspondent of the *Times*, speculators are to remember that 'every morning, throughout the Chinese empire, there are three hundred millions of blue cotton breeches drawn over human legs; men, women, and children alike wear them.' What a chance of making money by supplying the demand for these indispensable garments! The Chinese will as readily buy imported as home-made apparel; what they want is a good bargain, something pretty according to their notions, but also substantial, and which is well worth the price demanded for it. Conducted honestly, we can see an immense opening for a profitable commerce with China. As an American, Mr Freedley looks to the prospect of a good trade in Yankee notions. China is to be a most important outlet for the manufactures of Connecticut. Any number of clocks and watches will be sold, provided they are adapted to Chinese horology. Cooke remarks that the highest ambition of a

Chinaman is to have an English watch. He relates that a pirate, who had taken a missionary as a prisoner, but set him free, risked his life by calling on him next day at his house. He produced the reverend gentleman's watch, and the rightful owner thought that the repentant man had come to return it. Not so; the Cantonese pirate had come to beg the missionary to teach him how to wind up that watch.

It is not an uncommon remark that money is now not so easily made as formerly; people, it is said, have all grown so clever, and so many channels towards success are occupied, that the chance of rising to fortune is becoming daily more slender. There is some plausibility in the remark. Steam-engines, locomotives, railways, and a hundred other magnificent things, have been invented, and cannot be invented again; and so far there is a difficulty. But, on the other hand, certain important qualifying circumstances need to be kept in mind. Within the last thirty years, the population is doubled, and the wants of everybody are proportionally increased. Comforts and luxuries are now in demand that were once never thought of. We cannot re-invent the railway, but look at what railways, and, we may add, steam-boats, are doing to extend the tastes and habits of refined society. In a sense, the world is only beginning to open shop. Countries long dormant are shaking themselves up, and taking part in the general activity. The shrewd author before us is quite aware of these facts. What with one kind of improvement and another, mankind, he says, are now 'for the first time ready to do business.' In the knowledge of how to set about taking an active part in remunerative undertakings, perhaps lies the true pinch. But education, if rightly conducted, should do something to relieve the difficulty. If you would be wise, and wish to put yourself in the way of fortune, you must read newspapers and periodicals, look sharply about to learn what the world is doing and looking for, what are great popular wants, what openings in new regions are taking place, and in particular, you must neither have any prejudice as to place, nor be afraid to lower your dignity by taking a hand in any enterprise, if it be honest, and of sufficient importance to warrant an expenditure of time and trouble. We would offer another hint, and that is the necessity of thinking for yourself. Do not go about worrying people for their advice on this or that line of life, or cackling as to what you propose to do, but ponder deeply, silently; and what your hand finds to do, do it with right good-will.

Notwithstanding all apparent obstacles, we hold that the greatest obstacle of all is one never thought of: we refer to the want of earnest purpose. A vast proportion of people in business and professions, are not in earnest, either as regards enterprise or the economising of means. Taking things easily, they are dainty where they ought to be energetic, hesitating where they should be prompt; the consequence being, that the energetic few walk into prosperity, while the dainty many are only dreaming of success. The contrast is often amusing. A man is seen carrying on a business languidly, and under the unpleasant impression that it is overdone, and that nothing can be made of it. You mention something to him by which he would make a good hit; but you have the old answer: 'There is a lion in the path.' Another person, less fastidious, however, has the shrewdness to see the matter in its true light, and he realises a great success—those who stand stupidly by saying it is all luck. Should we not also, in as delicate a way as possible, hint the too common failing of a want of integrity and candour in ordinary transactions. The recent insolvency of certain banks discloses a prevalence of dishonesty in high commercial quarters that is perfectly horrifying.

Nor can we think without pain on the almost universal practice among tradesmen of making false promises as to the execution of orders; truth, in such matters, being seemingly the exception, and not the rule. If people who habitually resort to these manoeuvres, lose customers or stop short of brilliant success, who, we should ask, are to blame? Mr. Freedley refers to the want of honesty as a serious drawback: 'In every settled county throughout the Union, there should be at least one person acting as middle-man between the inhabitants of that county and the publishers, merchants, and manufacturers of the cities, for the purpose of introducing new things that seem calculated to benefit his neighbours. The drawback to the successful prosecution of these kinds of agency-business hitherto, has been that so many of those who have undertaken it have been wanting in moral character and mercantile honesty—cheating by false representations those who buy from them, and defrauding those who intrust them with goods by not paying for them. A reliable, honest, persevering agent is always in demand; and if located in a populous district, he can accumulate his first thousand dollars with ease.'

Scrupulous honesty is thus an article in universal demand. With that to start with, the young and enterprising can scarcely fail in being successful, wherever civilised men are concentrated; though, let it be kept in view, that the making of money does not infer the keeping of it; and that, after all, he who would secure a fortune must necessarily resort to Franklin's well-known aphorism—'Spend less than thy clear gains.' No doubt, fortunes are sometimes made by a sudden dash; but dashing is as little to be recommended in general circumstances as a lazy and sham-genteel indifference. Ordinarily, there is no need to be in a hurry. The world is not going to run away. Endure privations with serenity, in order to insure future comfort. Take time, at least, to do things well, and by that means obtain a reputation that will, humanly speaking, lead to fortune. On this point, Freedley observes that 'the foundation of a fortune can be laid, probably, in all the established pursuits, especially by expending more than the usual care and labour in having the stock in trade of superior quality. Even in bread, pie, or cake baking, numerous as the bakers are, I doubt not many more could do well by producing these articles of a quality better than the average. A lady, the widow of a Boston merchant, who, though once opulent, had failed, a few years ago made an independence by baking what is called domestic bread, in contradistinction to what is known as bakers' bread. Her fresh-looking, sweet-tasted loaves, of full weight, were so much choice than the ordinary bread, that customers flocked to her little store; and in a very few years she had accumulated enough to purchase five hundred acres of land in Michigan, three hundred of which, we were told, five years ago, were in a high state of cultivation; and from these three hundred acres she had raised in one year 6000 dollars-worth of wheat.' Every one could present instances within his own knowledge of similar if not greater success in ordinary pursuits, by persons simply doing well what others perform only with average excellence. Our own recollection affords the example of Carr, the famous baker of Carlisle, who began in a very humble way, and now conducts an immense manufactory of biscuits, which find a demand in all parts of the world. Here our limited space obliges us to stop: we close by quoting our author's appropriately terminating remark: 'Work, discouragement, anxiety, are inevitable incidents in all pursuits and conditions of life; and so designed, doubtless, to teach us, that even though we make this earth a new Eden, it is

not our permanent habitation; that money is not the one thing needful; and that pecuniary success is not the best nor the final success.'

FROM OUR YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTOR.

It was a place I had never been to before; and no, thank you, I'd rather not go again. It was like a seaport town, you know, and everybody got their livings by selling fish; and so I set off to climb a very high hill that was there. And the sun seemed perched at the top of the hill like a great snow-ball, only not the colour of snow, and I kept wondering what would become of me if it should chance to roll down.

There was a nice little girl climbing the hill about ten yards ahead of me. A nice little girl? Oh, you know what I mean—she wore ankle-bands, trousers with crochet round them, and one of those all-round-my-hats.

I asked her who was her hatter, and said it was very warm climbing. 'Miss, may I have the pleasure of giving you a hand up?' and she said: 'Thank you, sir. You are a very polite boy; but, thank you, I haven't far to go.'

No, I didn't see her face; she had one of those hats on, didn't I tell you? but she had a very nice voice, like ma's when she speaks to baby. When we got to the top of the hill, there was a great big fellow waiting for us, and he never said a word, but came and punched me, and when I said: 'What's that for?' he boxed me the second time; and so I said: 'Just do that again—will you?' and he did.

Then the little girl whispered to me that he was her husband, and that I'd better run away, because he had a knack of putting little boys out of their misery, and then pickling them. She said he'd killed more people in his time than he could bury if he were to dig graves twelve hours a day, besides overtime, for sixty years. So I gave him a regular look, and ran down the hill, calling him 'Old Doctor! Old Pills!'

Not the same side of the hill; and I ran straight into an orchard, where there were lots of apple and pear trees. There was a fellow there who used to go to Cockie Bell's school when I did, and he was stealing apples. I told him that the Bible says, Thou shalt not steal, and, besides, you'll get caught at it; and just at that moment the old farmer came up, and he said to that fellow that used to go to Cockie Bell's: 'Brimstone!' and to me: 'My little man, I have overheard your very sensible remarks, and I perceive you have had a religious bringing-up.'

And I said: 'Can you sell me sixpenceworth?' And he said: 'Of my pears?' And I said: 'Yes, sir, please.' And he said: 'My fine little fellow, we will see—we will see.'

When he was gone, I remembered that I had bought a pennyworth of Turkey nobs out of the sixpence, and when I counted my money, there, I'd only fivepence.

When he came back with a large dishful of pears, I looked at them and said: 'Haven't you made a mistake, sir?—wasn't it fivepenceworth I said?' and he said: 'Oh, was it, my fine little fellow? Well, then, I've made a mistake; but, as you are a good boy, and have pious parents, you shall have the pears all the same.'

Then he went on digging in a parsley-bed, and I sat down eating the pears, only they had no taste, and he shouted to know if I shouldn't like to play with his little boy; and I said: 'What! all about this garden?' And he said: 'Yes.' And I said: 'Oh! shouldn't I though!'

So he took me to his house—a very funny house, and he had no wife, and it was very dirty; and he opened the door of a room, and there was a horrid monster; and he said that was his little boy, why

didn't I speak to him. And so I said: 'Have you any marbles?' And that horrid monster said: 'Oh, lots! Come in; I'll play you.' And I wanted to run away, only I could not; and this creature began letting off fire-wheels on me, and throwing squibs and serpents in my face; and he made me hold my arms straight out, and he rammed them hard, and let them off like cannons, and blew my fingers into a nasty dark pond; and horrid alligators, with red eyes, came and tried to swallow them; and leeches came creeping up my trouser-legs, and they got in my mouth, and down my throat, and up my nose, and some of them curled themselves up in my head, as if they were going to stop there a good while. And that horrid little monster sat on a bundle of serpents, and they made themselves into an arm-chair for him, and he kept laughing and shouting: 'I'll play you—I'll give you sixpenceworth of pears for fivepence.' And some very little red-hot men came and kept jumping through my eyes, and then rolling out of my mouth, follow my leader, and trying who could do it quickest. And one of them borrowed a pair of hob-nailed shoes, and lay on his back on my tongue, filing at my teeth with them. And another of them kept putting his head out of my left ear-hole, and shouted 'Apples!' and then out of my right ear-hole, and shouted 'Pears!'

All at once the side of the room fell down, and there was such a beautiful lady sailing in a large cockle-shell on a lake of very blue water, and she said: 'Physic!' and all these demons vanished.

Didn't you guess? Why, that was ma, and she said: 'For goodness' sake, Alfred, dear, why do you moan so pitifully?' And when I told her all about it, she said: 'My love, you have had the nightmare. It is time to take your medicine. Don't go to sleep on your back, or you will have it again.' And I said: 'What! the medicine, ma?' And she said: 'No, dear, the nightmare.'

THE WAITS.

[From a well-selected collection of poems, entitled *The Sacred Minstrel*,* and edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers, we extract the following verses. Its devotional songs consist not only of those hymned by Bards already sainted, but comprise many sacred lyrics of the Living; while a short memoir of the writer enhances the interest of each composition. This little volume, admirably printed and elegantly finished, affords a pleasant contrast to the somewhat sombre and unattractive appearance of the majority of works of the same class. The present extract is selected not only for its beauty, but because the poetical writings of its talented authoress, Mrs T. K. Hervey, are welcome and familiar to the readers of this Journal.]

HARK! where peals you swelling anthem?—Hark! it winds its solemn way,
Loud on the blackening midnight borne, faint on the morning gray;
Now soaring, hovering, floating, like the angel's song on high,
Back from the wondering shepherd-groups, to glory and the sky:
'Awake, awake, immortal souls! make straight the way and clear;
Yon star is burning in the east; behold! your God is near.'
Past the dying maiden's chamber, where the sobbing night-winds thrill,
And the heart's cry is the louder that the voice of love is still;
Where hungry hope is starved to death, and withers day by day,
And silent faith can do no more, but lift the hands and pray;

More solemn-sweet steals down the street to sounding harp and horn;
'In death's despite, this blessed night, is thy Redeemer born?'

Past the sacred domes of wedded homes, whose hearths the angels keep,
Where the plighted hands are mutely locked in the sweet unsevered sleep;
Under the towers, along the bowers, still hallowed by its gleam,
Where, in their bright unsullied youth, love led them in a dream;
Hark! where it rolls! It thrills their souls—'Arise, and bend the knee;
He comes, who blest the wedding-feast in Cana of Galilee!'

Past the noble house of charity, where beams of morning play
On eyes of sightless innocents, that know not it is day;
Whose ravished orbs are turned to heaven, how dark so'er it be,
In the tender joy of faith that feels the love it cannot see;
And the quickened ear drinks deep the sound, and the soul leaps to the eye—
'Behold the light of all the world, the day-spring from on high!'

Past the torn and houseless fugitive, by the slimy river's brink,
Ere she springs beneath the glassy pool, where all her sorrows sink;
Till she dream she hears the voice of Him who walked the waters wide,
And the saving music dies not till her steps are turned aside;
It sighs to her, it cries to her, in the hour of her dismay—
'Stood He not by Mary Magdalene when the stone was rolled away?'

Past by the branded sepulchres that whiten 'neath the moon;
Past by the stony torture-cells washed by the black lagune;
By felon graves, by robber caves, and dungeon's vaulted dome,
Sweeps on that triumph-strain that speaks a conqueror to come—
'He comes not in the sounding blast, nor in the rolling thunder,
But on the wings of mercy borne, to burst your bonds asunder!'

More holy-tender swells the song, where, pure and undefiled,
A mother, towards the reddening east, lifts up her new-born child—
'Give glory unto God this night, thrice blessed as thou art!'

Like Mary, fast for ever keep His sayings in thy heart;
Hear thou the precious words of joy breathed by those lips divine—
'Such as these are of my kingdom'—"little children," like to thine!'

Hark! around the palace chambers—hark! along the palace walls,
Like the shouting of a conquering band, the strain of triumph falls;
As starts the monarch from his throne the armed host to meet,
Down drops the crown unto his knee, the purple to his feet;
Awe-struck, he veils his humbled brow, while loud the anthem rings—
'Glory, glory in the highest, unto Him, the King of kings!'

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